Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | Montreal, October 25, 1940. | 77th Year.

"Grenfell of Labrador"

A few highlights in the career of Sir Wilfred Grenfell who has responded to God's call to higher service.

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL, K.C.M.G., M.D. (OXFORD), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (LONDON) *and honorary degrees conferred by several universities*

SIXTY-FIVE years or so ago if we peeped into a window of the School House of Parkgate on the Dee estuary, in the West of England we would have seen two boys busy putting the finishing touches to a light flat-bottomed canoe. Next day the boat was launched and proved perfectly seaworthy and in succeeding months they brought home many a hank of fish, many a basket of shrimps both for their family and for the neighbors,—and incidentally many an adventure they had in fog and squall among the sandbanks of the estuary.

The boys "came honestly" by their love of adventure. For a thousand years the Grenvilles, Granvilles, Grenfells—the name is spelled in a dozen different ways—had been a family of adventurers. The founder of the clan is said to have been one Green-fell, a Norse sea king who settled in Cornwall.

In the days of Queen Bess there was Sir Richard Grenville of the "Revenge" who comes so splendidly into Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" In the early 1800's we find John Pascoe Grenfell helping "Cochrane the Dauntless" to cut out a Spanish admiral's ship from under the guns of shore batteries and from the midst of an armed squadron. The time would fail to tell of the many other daring deeds of the Grenfells on land and sea.

The father of the boys whom we have seen at their boat-building was the Rev. Algernon Sidney Grenfell, headmaster of the school, a lover of the open air and of Alpine climbing. Their mother, formerly Jane Georgina Hutchinson, was a woman of fine character. Four of her brothers distinguished themselves in the army in India.

Our two young fishermen in due course passed through school and University. The elder succeeded his father as "head" in Moyston House School. The younger, Wilfred, went in for medicine.

At 18 he was a noted Rugby player, a good boxer, jolly and companionable. He became interested in the neglected boys in London, and was one of the pioneers of Boys' Camps in England.

Grenfell kept himself fit by hard physical training; he was forging ahead in his medical studies, he was interested in work among the poor, but for years religion did not mean much to him.

Then one evening passing a large tent in the slums of Stepney, he heard singing and went in. It came to him there

Left to Right: SIR WILFRED, HAROLD PENNY, *and* UNCLE FREDDIE SEARS *about to start for Red Bay on the launch "Northern Messenger".*

Princess Elizabeth Broadcasts

H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth spoke over the radio to the children of the Empire. The following is the text of her address—

IN wishing you all good evening, I feel that I am speaking to friends and companions who have shared with my sister and myself many a happy Children's Hour. Thousands of you in this country have had to leave your homes and be separated from your fathers and mothers. My sister, Margaret Rose, and I feel so much for you, as we know from experience what it means to be away from those we love most of all. To you living in new surroundings, we send a message of true sympathy and at the same time we would like to thank the kind people who have welcomed you to their homes in the country.

All of us children who are still at home think continually of our friends and relations who have gone overseas, who have travelled thousands of miles to find a war-time home and a kindly welcome in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the United States of America.

My sister and I feel we know quite a lot about these countries. Our father and mother have so often talked to us of their visits to different parts of the world, so it is not difficult for us to picture the sort of life you are all leading and to think of all the new sights you must be seeing and the adventures you must be having. But I am sure that you, too, are often thinking of the Old Country. I know you won't forget us. It is just because we are not forgetting you that I want, on behalf of all the children at home, to send you my love and best wishes—to you and to your kind hosts as well.

Before I finish, I can truthfully say to you all that we children at home are full of cheerfulness and courage. We are trying to do all we can to help our gallant sailors, soldiers and airmen, and we are trying, too, to bear our own share of the danger and sadness of war. We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well, for God will care for us and give us victory and peace. And, when peace comes, remember, it will be for us, the children of today, to make the world of tomorrow a better and happier place.

My sister is by my side and we are both going to say good night to you. Come on, Margaret.

Princess Margaret Rose: Good night, children.

Princess Elizabeth: Good night, and good luck to you all.

GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

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that "religion was not a thing to be played with."

"Some time later," he says, "I heard that one of England's famous cricketers, whose athletic distinctions I greatly admired, Mr. J. E. K. Studd, was going to speak in the neighborhood and I went to hear him. . . . At the end of his speech Mr. Studd invited anyone who was not ashamed to confess that Christ was his Master for this life, rather than a kind of insurance ticket for the next world, to stand up. I was both ashamed and surprised to find that I was afraid to stand up. I did not know I was afraid of anything.

"One boy out of all this large number rose to his feet. I knew pretty well what that meant for him, so I decided to back him up and do the same."

Grenfell took a Sunday School class of boys in East London. "Their spiritual education needed other capacities than those I had, in my mind, till then, endowed the Sunday School teacher with."

There were lively sessions. Grenfell with four other medical students started a boys' club where they boxed and practised gymnastics. Both students and boys gained from the experience.

Wilfred Grenfell took his medical degree. His ambition had been to "go into practice and make a lot of money, and leave it to the generation following." "But," he says, "after I met (D. L.) Moody and the Studds, and some more, I came to look at it in a different way. I thought I'd try how much good I could do."

Religion had not "spoiled" Grenfell. He was the same "good companion" brimming over with humor, the same sturdy athlete—the same lover of adventure, the same hater of shams and of everything mean and cruel or cowardly. All these qualities were raised to their highest quality through his conscious fellowship with Christ.

Sir Frederick Treves, under whom he had worked in the London Hospital, was also a daring sailor and master mariner. As a member of the Council of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen he suggested to the young doctor that he put his Christian and medical experience at the service of the fishermen in the North Sea.

So the first hospital ship was fitted out. Her staff shared the toils and dangers of the fishing fleet. They cruised with the fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to Iceland. They fished like the others. They looked after first-aid and hospital cases. They carried a floating library for the fishermen. They held services and found men come to them with their problems. They saved many from becoming victims of the whisky-ships which haunted the fleet.

When the work at sea had become well organized and the fight,—to some extent—was gone out of it, Grenfell looked round for a harder job.

"To Labrador"

SO in the spring of 1892, with a picked crew he sailed for Labrador. "Since that date," wrote Norman Duncan some years ago, "in the face of hardship, peril and prejudice, he has, with a light heart and strong purpose, healed the sick, preached the Word, clothed the naked, fed the starving, given shelter to them that had no roof, championed the wronged—in all devotedly fought evil, poverty, oppression and disease; for he is bitterly intolerant of these things."

The Labrador when Grenfell came on the coast in 1892 was a wretched place. The people, fisher-folk and Eskimos, were miserably poor. There was practically no medical attendance, no knowledge of hygiene. The people were robbed by dishonest dealers, rum-runners made a harvest out of their misery. Grenfell set himself to change all this.

"When you set out to commend your gospel to men who don't particularly want it," says Grenfell, "there's only one way to go about it—to do something for them that they'll be sure to understand."

They understood Wilfred Grenfell and soon came to understand and love his Gospel.

"We found that sickness was largely due to poverty and the poverty largely due to ignorance. So we started co-operative stores and hospitals and tried to preach the Gospel to them as we would have liked it preached to us."

He found "the truck system" in universal operation. "The 'catch' of tomorrow was mortgaged for the food of today, the natives seldom or never seeing cash, with the inevitable results of poverty, thriftlessness and eventually hopelessness, not to say moral bankruptcy."

A Fighter for the Right

SO he "started a sermon with a co-operative store as a text." As a consequence the traders who preyed on the fisher-folk became his deadly ene-

A Chat Over the 'Phone

By Sir Wilfred Grenfell

A personal message to the younger readers of the Northern Messenger received just a short while before Sir Wilfred's unexpected death.

HULLO! HULLO! Yes! This is the old Labrador Doctor talking. Can I give some news for the *Northern Messenger?* Why, of course I can. The other night I was in a town called Chautauqua. There were a lot of folks, gathered to chat and talk about Labrador. They called me the "Northern Messenger"!

Well, would you believe it, that night in Chautauqua right in the middle of summer, the corn on the cob in the fields, and the potatoes in some of the gardens froze! It was a great loss to some of those people and as I had been showing them pictures of Labrador with an iceberg near my house in St. Anthony last August, everyone seemed to look at me in the morning, as if they thought it was all my fault and wondered if they ought ever to ask me to come again.

However, there is no way to blockade Jack Frost, and no law against freezing, so they couldn't blame either the police force or the customs officials for having let me through! The railway people had not noticed any ice about my baggage!

I remember a boy who always had such a long face that it made you feel cold whenever he came into the room. Some people think it pleases God if we go about with long faces, cold as ice. But I love the story of the man who said of his room mate, "No, no, Doctor, Bill can't possibly be a Christian—he isn't gay enough."

Keep smiling is my eleventh commandment. The next time you feel grouchy or mad, or as if you had a grudge against the world, just try smiling and then laugh at yourself as you think what a little you have really suffered compared with hundreds of other people. Can you imagine Jesus Christ waking up in the morning with a grouch?

SIR WILFRED SHAKING HANDS WITH ONE OF HIS LITTLE PATIENTS.

I HAD a letter from Labrador telling of an appeal from a poor fisherman's daughter, who was forced to beg, —yes, to beg, even, for clothes to wear. Here is what the girl wrote to the nurse at the place where the garments sent by kind friends are collected. "Dear Nurse, deny me not please, for I tell you the truth. I am really in need, and has no means and no money, **and** what can I do?"

Once when I was driving in a hurry with dogs over the frozen sea, I fell through the ice and got soaked in ice cold water. As soon as I and my dogs got onto the ice again, we disentangled ourselves and galloped in as hard as we could to the nearest fisherman's cottage.

When I burst into the room, I said, "Harry, I'm half frozen, and I've got to go another ten miles before I stop. Have you got a pair of dry trousers you can give me?"

"Why, of course I have, Doctor," he said, and at once went into his bedroom to get me a pair. When he came back, he himself was wrapped around in a blanket.

As he handed me the pair he had been wearing when I went in, he said, "There's all I've got, Doctor, but you are more in need of them than I am and you are kindly welcome to them." Isn't that the spirit you and I would like to have?

I think St. Peter or St. John or St. Andrew would have done that for me, don't you? I know Christ would have. Perhaps this is why a fisherman's boy in our harbor was one day trying to say the Beatitudes in Sunday School. When he came to "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the earth," he said, "Blessed are the fishmakers." The teacher said, "Don't you mean peacemakers?" "Oh, no Miss, it was fishmakers."

Don't you believe he was right? I think that Christ loved fishermen and I know that I do. Ours in Labrador are always glad to have the chance to help others. If we do what He would do in our place we too will become "Fishers of Men".

Your friend,

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

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mies. Their agents had attended his meetings, but now held themselves aloof. Grenfell was accused of interfering with business and the sacred rights of property. He also made enemies of the liquor-sellers. As a magistrate he refused licenses and he hunted down rum-runners.

"It's bad enough to sell liquor on land," he said, "but a man who will sell liquor to a seaman, who is likely to lose his life if he gets drunk, is a devil. If you had seen as much of this kind of thing as I have, you'd hate the whole business just as fiercely as I do." Personally he never used any alcoholic drink.

Fraudulent owners over-insured ships and wrecked them for their insurance. Grenfell as a magistrate

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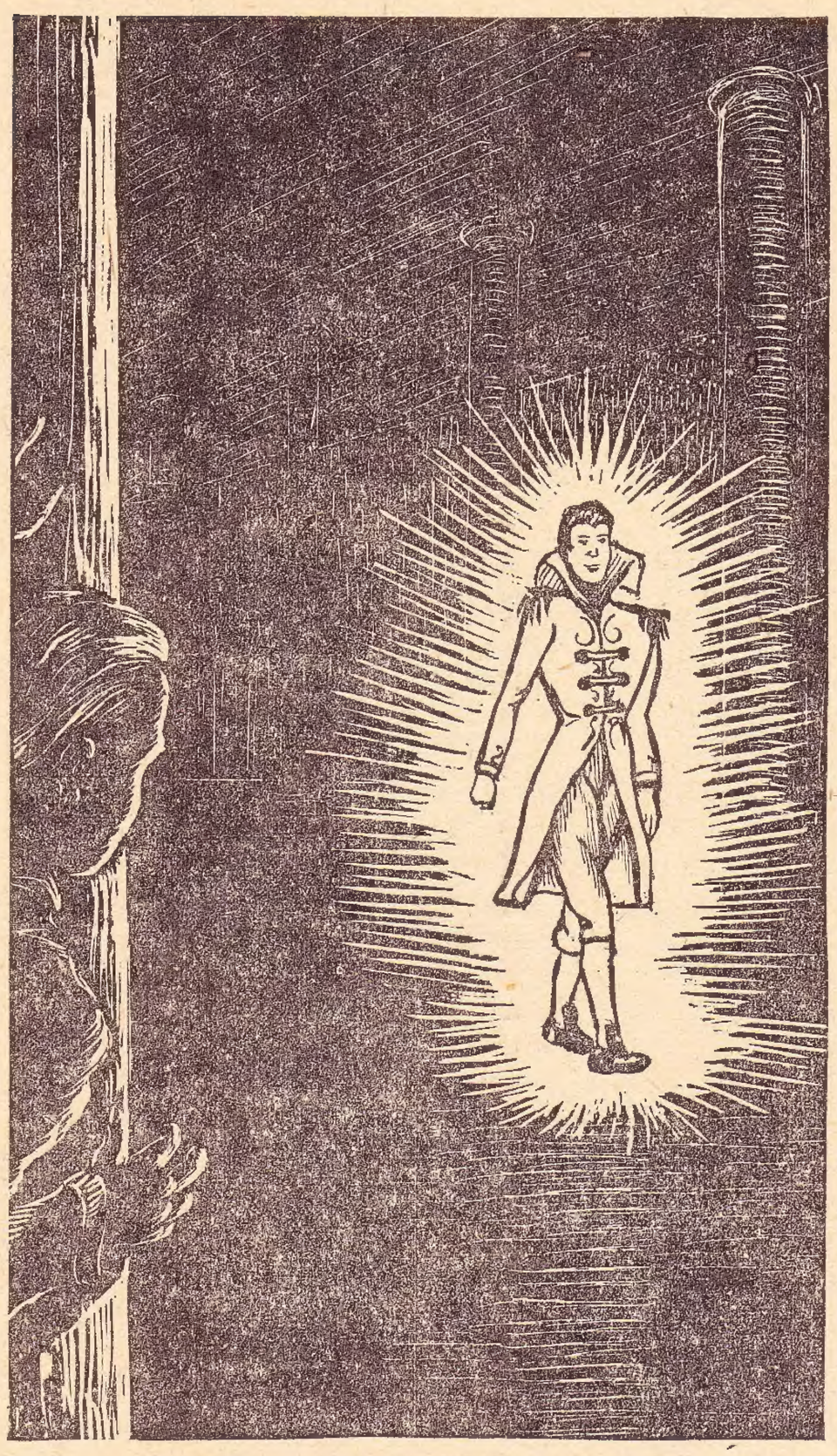
The Ghost Cure

By
A. R. Wilkes
For the Messenger



. . . THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG MAN DRESSED IN OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES . . . THIS MUST BE THE *real* PHANTOM!

BUTLER certainly wasn't a very impressive fellow to look at, being tall and thin, with a mild, serious manner and so short-sighted that he was forbidden to take part in sports. However, he was naturally a grave and studious sort, and a clever scholar, and when he was forced to give up games, he easily put in the time at his two main interests, history and science.

But what made Butler so popular was his kindness and his unfailing good-humor. History was his chief interest. He would read every book he could find on it in the school library and it was generally agreed, at least among his fellow pupils, that he knew a good deal more about it than their history master, at least the more exciting parts, such as battles and murders and the like. His history master, however, declared that he was more than shaky on laws and treaties!

But if he loved history, he was almost as devoted to anything ancient, no matter what it was, books, fossils, or old buildings, and he gradually gathered an astonishing fund of knowledge about them. He was wildly excited when some old weapons were unearthed on the school grounds. He had one great ambition, to write a history of his school. He used to gather all the scraps of news, and other material he could find about it, and he would talk for hours to the village characters, listening to their queer legends, and carefully jotting them down in his notebook.

* * *

NATURALLY, he was forever being fooled, for nothing was too absurd or far-fetched for Butler to believe. Once one of his schoolmates, Robertson, played a clever joke on him. He took a bone, and after scratching on it the outline of the weirdest animal you ever imagined, he buried it in the ground for a while. Then he showed it to Butler.

"Look here, Butler, you're something of an authority on ancient things, so perhaps you can tell me something about this," politely asked Robertson. "I dug it up in the ground near the school."

Butler took the "discovery" and carefully examined it. "I'm not quite sure about this, Robertson," he answered at last, "It seems to belong to some little-known type of animal, and I can't quite place it!"

"Place it!" scoffed another boy named Ryder, "I should think not! Why, it looks to me like a mixture of sea-serpent and caterpillar!"

* * *

ROBERTSON pretended to be offended, and said, "You can say whta you like, but I always believed that extinct animals were different from ours!"

Poor Butler! For days he treasured that bone, and when at last the science master finally convinced him that it was a fake, he was so disappointed, and so hurt at being tricked!

Another time the boys made up some documents, claiming that they were ancestral trees, and what trees they were! If one were to believe even half the things that they claimed to have unearthed, life in those days must have been a great deal livelier and more exciting than it is now!

But as time went on, Butler became more and more learned and soon saw through their tricks. Not only that, but when he was fooled he looked so miserable and heartbroken that they hadn't the heart to continue, and gradually they left him in peace.

* * *

IT was the beginning of the new term, and all the boys were returning from holidays, and along with these came many newcomers. A group of genial fellows were standing in the doorway, discussing the various instances of Butler's mistaken zeal for antiquities. The leader of the group was a sturdy, clever-looking boy named Carter. He was generally the leading spirit in school affairs. Along with him were Ryder, Weaver, Dailey and Evans, all old chums. One by one the boys trooped in, some regular pupils, and some new fellows. Two of the latter were passing by when Carter hailed them good-naturedly,

"Hello, you kids. Just arrived?"

"Yes," replied one of the pair.

"Well, you might let us have your names," urged Carter amiably.

"Mine's Parkinson, and this fellow's name is Gundy," answered the first.

* * *

"WELL, mine is Carter, and this is Ryder"—and so Carter introduced the group. "Now that we know each other, perhaps I'd better tell you what it's like here." Then Carter went on to acquaint the two arrivals with the school customs. When he finished, he said, "Look here, we're a bit short on apples and all those things this year, as you may already know, and we've agreed to pool all we can get and share out equally. You haven't any now, but if you agree to put yours in when you get some you can share ours now. What do you say?"

"Very well, it suits me," declared Parkinson, and Gundy added, "And it suits me too."

So it was settled and the new boys had their share of the apples, even though they did not contribute any of their own.

But the friendly relations did not last long. A number of boys were caught in harmless escapades and received the

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BEER AS A FOOD

By Mary I. Ritchie

STUDY IV INTERMEDIATE SENIOR
National Temperance Study Course
for Sunday Schools, 1940

(A, the Leader, seats himself at table and spreads out papers, figures for a few seconds and, as B arrives, moves to allow him to draw up chair. Keeps figuring as B hangs hat on back of chair he has drawn up.)

A: I thought everyone was going to be early tonight. Judging by the enthusiasm when it was suggested that we, as a group of serious young people, take time definitely and seriously to express our honest views on the question that led to such argument last week, I thought I should surely be among the late arrivals, and here I find myself alone.

B: Aren't you thinking of counting me in?

A: Since you *weren't* in when I began to count, I haven't counted you. What have you to add to the discussion, B? Do you honestly think that beer—honestly made beer—can be counted among the worth-while foods?

B: Honest isn't just the word one would apply to beer. At least the chap who said that there was as much food value in a pint of beer as in a pint of milk was stretching either the truth or his imagination a little further than necessary.

A: Then you say there isn't?

B: I'm not saying anything until the others arrive.

C *(Entering hastily, takes his place at table)*: Am I late?

D: *(Following immediately after C)*: Well, *(seating himself)* is everyone brimming with bar-room information?

A: This is a serious meeting, D. We're not juniors any more, and—

B: We are hoping for your opinion on the food value of beer.

A: It needn't be first-hand information.

C (Earnestly): It doesn't need to be, and after some of the things I have discovered, I am not anxious for first-hand knowledge.

* * *

A: Then to get down to business, we may as well start with you, C. Do you think that beer has any food value whatever? And, if so, could it replace any of the foods commonly in use now as a body builder and energy producer?

D: If it hasn't *any* food value we needn't go on.

C: But it has—some. That's where some of us trip up on our temperance discussions. We won't grant it *any* value so the beer drinker who knows that it has a little just laughs and won't listen to our argument.

B: Then let us admit that it has some food value and go on from there.

C: Well, it has this value as a food: it does—as most foods are expected to do—provide some energy to the body. But when you've said that you have to go on and explain that its effect as a drug overbalances any good that its energy-making qualities provide.

A: If it has even that much food value, with what simple food can you compare it? Take milk, for instance, then take beer—

D *(Interrupting)*: The beer drinker wouldn't likely *be* taking milk—

C: Milk is one of the foods I did take, and I found that it is foolish to compare beer or any other alcoholic drink with such a well-balanced food as milk, which contains all the elements and the necessary vitamins that the human body needs.

A: Doesn't beer contain any?

C: To be sure. It contains some minerals, some starch, a small—a very small—amount of protein, a quantity of water, and alcohol.

D: No vitamins?

C: No. And as to its energy-producing qualities—well, my information on that may sound a bit technical. It took me some time to get it straight in my mind, so I tried to make the explanation as simple as possible.

* * *

YOU see, the body is made up of cells —cell tissue, you know—and as this tissue has to be constantly renewed in order that the body may grow and keep all its organs working properly, it has to depend upon the food, solid or liquid, taken into it through the mouth and absorbed into the blood.

D: But if alcohol has some food value?

C: It hasn't enough to be considered at all as a tissue builder and proper energy producer. In fact, it is really more a poison than—

B *(Interrupting)*: Here! You're getting into *my* field. That's what *I* was concentrating on.

C: Sorry, but—well, to stick to my own subject—

A: But may I interrupt right here? What about the value it has? There are perfectly good foodstuffs—cereals and so on—used in the manufacture of beer. Don't they count?

C: The present-day beer isn't the mild, harmless drink made from good grains, as its supporters would have us believe, D. Do you realize that the beer sold in Canada today averages about five and one half per cent. absolute alcohol in strength?

D: Whew! Then a chap really could get drunk on it?

B: He sure could. But go on, C. You can't deny that there is food value in the beer to the extent of the grain they *do* use. Even poor grain has some—would you call it caloric value? I mean, contains a certain number of food calories.

C: Yes, I will admit that, but the amount is not great enough. But here, I have it all figured out. I think I have it accurate, too. Take steak—chuck steak, we'll say—and a pint of beer. The nutritious calories (that is, the nourishment) in a pint of beer is equal to less than a tenth of a pound of chuck steak.

It is about equal to a thirtieth of a pound of well-sweetened chocolate, and only as much nourishment as a twentieth of a pound of cream cheese.

* * *

E: But one could take more beer and obtain more food value.

C: Two arguments against that. The first, and greatest one, of course, is that additional beer adds additional poison to the blood. It has a narcotic effect—

D: I thought narcotics were something one took to make him sleep.

A: So they are, and the taking of narcotics is a bad habit to get into.

C: Very bad. And because it has power to make one sleep, that is, to drug the mind till it loses consciousness, the mind is affected first. As a result one says and does things that would never be said or done if the mind were clear.

A: Then perhaps B can tell us what he has discovered about alcohol as a poison. If it is a real poison, B, why isn't it labelled so? Why does it not have to be sold in different colored bottles, or signed for over the counter?

B: If you want my opinion, it should be. As a fact, alcohol is a real poison to the blood. A poison is something which, by its effect, kills the thing it has affected.

E: But alcohol doesn't kill many people, unless you count the deaths that happen when someone who is intoxicated does the wrong thing and hurts himself or someone else fatally.

* * *

B: It may not seem always to kill because its effect is slower than that of other well-known poisons. But even slow poisoning *is* poisoning. If enough alcohol is taken into the system it can paralyze the nerves sufficiently

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Sayings of Sir Wilfred Grenfell

"THE real value of your life can only be gauged by what it gives to the world.

* * *

"Life is redeemed by achievement.

* * *

"It is only what we put into life, or entrust to God that He keeps for us.

* * *

"Real faith has got to be won on the field of experience.

* * *

"It is only the brave who dare enlist with Christ.

* * *

"When will we learn that Christ was right when He taught that living for others is life—life more abundant.

* * *

"Real love is as scientific as it is sentimental, even if we are not yet mature enough to believe that and to act on our belief. . .

"A wise man wrote of old: 'Love never faileth.' Today, humbly but emphatically, we endorse that belief."—Wilfred T. Grenfell.

This Mighty Task

"WHAT Christ came here for was to make a better world. The world in which we live is an unfinished world. It is not wise, it is not happy, it is not pure, it is not good—it is not even sanitary. Humanity is little more than raw material. Almost everything has yet to be done to it. . . .

"There are hells on earth into which no breath of Heaven can ever come; these must be swept away. There are social soils in which only unrighteousness can flourish; these must be broken up. . . . Anything that prepares the way for a better social state is fit work for the followers of Christ."—Henry Drummond.

He Will Remember

"LORD, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee? or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in?" And the King shall answer and say unto them . . . . "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me. . . . Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

MY PRAYER

Not that there be less to bear,
Not that there be more to share;
But for braver heart for bearing,
But for freer heart for sharing,
Here I pray.

Not for scenes of richer beauty,
Not for paths of lighter duty;
But for clearer eyes for seeing,
Gentler hands, more patient being
Every day.

Not that joy and peace enfold me,
Not that wealth and pleasure hold me;
But that I may dry a tear,
Speak a word of strength and cheer
On the way.

—Writer Unknown.

In Earnest?

OUR too general neglect of looking for answers to what we ask shows how little we are in earnest in our petitions.

A husbandman is not content without the harvest; a marksman will observe whether the ball hits the target; a physician watches the effect of the medicine which he gives, and shall the Christian be careless about the effect of his labor?—E. Bickersteth.

"Try It"

THERE is no burden which, if we lift it cheerfully and bear it with love in our hearts, will not become a blessing to us. . . . God means our tasks to be our helpers; to refuse to bend our shoulders to receive a load is to decline a new opportunity for growth.—J. R. Miller.

"It is such a comfort to drop the tangles of life into God's hands and leave them there."—Selected.

A Fisherman Speaks

GEORGE YOUELL, a friend and associate of Sir Wilfred Grenfell in his work on the Labrador says: "I can confirm what Sir Wilfred has so often stated that there are many fine characters among the lowly fishermen with whom he has so long associated. . . .

"When Sir Wilfred first appeared among the fishermen his coming was properly appreciated, but not because any of those he planned to help were feeling sorry for themselves. . .

"Sir Wilfred did not mingle with them and tell them that their lot was a hard one; his gospel was one of cheerfulness and of service to others."

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Lord, where are Thy former loving-kindnesses?—Ps. 89:49

Mon. : Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness.—Neh. 9:17

Tue.—Let Thy merciful kindness be for my comfort.—Ps. 119:76

Wed. : His merciful kindness is great.—Psalm 117:2

Thu. : With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.—Isa. 54:8

Fri. : Add to Godliness brotherly kindness.—2 Pet. 1:7

Sat. : Add to brotherly kindness, charity. —2 Pet. 1:7

The Eternal Harvest

Come labor on.
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work today."

Come, labor on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

God: every fear and every criticism turned into prayer, thus the change works continuously.

The world today is like the Prodigal Son of Christ's parable. It has had its share of good things and wasted much on riotous living but for some time now it has begun to be in want—terrible want.

Kipling and the General

IN his autobiography Rudyard Kipling tells of a passage of arms which he had with General William Booth. At Invercargill, New Zealand, the General came on board the little vessel in which Kipling was a passenger.

A crowd of well-wishers came to bid the chief God-speed. He was walking backwards over an uneven wharf while he beat a tambourine in the face of the crowd. Kipling ventured to criticize him for his unconventional conduct. General Booth bent his brows, and replied: "Young fellow, if I thought I could win one more soul to the Lord by walking on my head and playing the tambourine with my toes, I'd—I'd learn how."—Sel.

Young People's Bible Reading

The Program of the Kingdom

by BEREAN

For Sunday
NOV. 3, 1940.
Luke 4:16-30

WE read that after our Lord's temptation "the devil departed from Him for a season." (St. Luke 4:13)

We may be sure that suggestions came to Him again and again to take an easy, popular way to accomplish His mission. But because He lived close to God He recognized these suggestions as evil and put them from Him.

Immediately after the Baptism and the Temptation we should probably place the events recorded in St. John's Gospel. The Lord Jesus taught for some months in Judea. Jerusalem was the heart of the nation and not only of the nation as confined within the borders of the Holy Land. Millions of Jews lived in other parts of Asia, in Europe, in Egypt, in North Africa. They all "loved Jerusalem above their chief joy." Many thousands came up to the great Festivals every year.

If Jerusalem could be persuaded to open her heart to the Gospel. Israel would become the Messianic nation and would carry that Gospel to the ends of the earth.

But the religious leaders of Jerusalem, both the Sadducean priests and the Pharisees, shut their ears to the Lord's message until He was compelled to withdraw from Judea and make a new start in His own province of Galilee.

A New Beginning

FERTILE Galilee presented a strong contrast to rocky Judea and what was more important, the people were very different. They were less bound by tradition, were brave, free, outspoken, enthusiastic.

"Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee; and a fame went out concerning him throughout all the region round about. . . . The Galileans received Him having seen all the things that He did at Jerusalem." (St. Luke 4:14, 15; St. John 4:43-54)

In their synagogues.—The synagogues ("meeting places") were and are Jewish places of worship. They were probably founded at the time of the Exile in Babylon. The services were not unlike ours. There were prayers, in which the leader and people joined, there were readings from the Law and the Prophets and an address.

The synagogues were a "lay" institution. The ruler, minister (attendant) and the elders were not priests.

If a priest from the temple were present he pronounced the benediction. If no priest were present the service concluded with a prayer.

"It was open to any competent person to teach in the synagogues, with the consent of the elders. Jesus thus appears as a Jewish teacher in his national church." (Adeney)

In "Acts" we read of St. Paul and other Jewish-Christian missionaries teaching in the synagogues in many cities of the Empire.

Glad Tidings

"AS his custom was"—Our Lord had attended this Nazareth synagogue regularly since his early childhood. Quite likely He had often read the Lessons there. Even boys who could read well were encouraged to do this. However dull the rabbi's sermon might be at times, there were always the Scriptures and the Prayers to nourish the mind and heart.

The book (roll) of Isaiah was handed to Him by the attendant. The selection from the Law was probably prescribed by the Jewish lectionary. That from the Prophets was chosen by the reader. It usually was illustrative of the passage from the Law. If the reader intended to give an address his reading would be brief. If he chose he could select more than one passage from the same Prophet.

Stood up to read.—The Law and the Prophets were always read standing. Other Scriptures could be read sitting. The teacher sat down to expound his passage.

The passage our Lord selected was Isa. 61:1, 2 with a clause inserted from 58:6.

It referred originally to the release of the Jewish captives from Babylon. Later the Jews broadened its reference to the work of the Messiah. This is one of the grand things about these old prophecies. They are "for all time."

The prophet here speaks in the person of the Servant of Jehovah (Isa. 42:1; 43:10; 49:3, 6; 52:13; 53:11) with whom our Lord identifies Himself.

What a grand passage it is. How wonderfully it describes His mission—which is the true mission of the Society which He founded.

The Spirit of the Lord.—When at His baptism the Spirit descended "it abode upon Him." (St. John 1:32) It was under the impulse of God's Spirit that Jesus was undertaking His mission. Helping all who are distressed is God's great work. God worked through

(Please turn to Page 8.)

This Program deals with a real world. Think of it as you read . . . the world as it is, as it sins and weeps, and . . . suffers, and sends up its long cry to God. . . . Think of it—of the city and the hospital and the dungeon and the graveyard, of the sweating-shop and the pawn-shop and the drink-shop; think of the cold, the cruelty, the fever, the famine, the ugliness, the loneliness, the pain. And then try to keep down the lump in your throat as you take up His Program and read—

To Bind up the Broken-Hearted;

To Proclaim Liberty to the Captives;

To Comfort all that Mourn;

To give unto them—
Beauty for Ashes
The Oil of Joy for Mourning;
The Garment of Praise for the Spirit of Heaviness.

....Men repudiate Christ's religion because they think it a small and limited thing. . . . I ask you to note that there is not one burning interest of the human race which is not represented here. . . .

Observe the most prominent note in it is GLADNESS *. . . The joyful life is the life of the larger mission . . . the life of the overflow from self, the "more abundant life" which comes from following Christ. — Henry Drummond (The Program of Christianity.)*

Memory Verse

For the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost. —Luke 19:10.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Oct. 28 to Nov. 3.

Mon.—Luke 4:1, 2, 14
Tue.—Luke 4:16-30
Wed.—Matt. 25:31-40
Thu.—Romans 8:1-11
Fri.—Luke 18:35-43
Sat.—Luke 5:12-16
Sun.—Luke 7:16-23

BEER AS A FOOD

(Continued from Page 5.)

to affect other parts of the body that are controlled by the nerves. When these parts—or organs as we call them—do not do their particular work properly, something goes wrong with various other organs.

A: What organs, for instance?

B: Well, take the liver. Alcohol has a very bad effect there. It destroys the cells, and these cells are replaced by what the doctors call "scar tissues," not good healthy cells.

In time the liver is less and less able to act as it should as an organ, and the patient who could not live long, would really die of poisoning.

C: Is the liver the only organ affected?

B: No. The poison might paralyze the nerves so much that the person who had taken it might not be able to breathe properly and actually die of suffocation.

A: Then if beer has no food value—or not enough to be counted as such—and the alcohol it contains has been proved to be a poison, I suppose we are to conclude that there isn't much to be said in its favor.

E: I've been thinking of something else, too. A fellow needs to have all his wits about him these days to get along, and if some silly thing like beer, or any other drink, is going to make him lose a big chance for the sake of a little feeling of—of hilarity, I'll say he's crazy.

B: If he isn't crazy—as you call it—to begin with, he may end up with those who are, for one of the worst things against the use of alcohol is what it can do to a fellow's brain. I don't mean just confusing it for a time so that he doesn't know what he is doing or saying, but dulling it for all time and making him one more patient for a mental hospital.

D: How about having "Let's ban beer" as a slogan?

E: And meaning it. Come on, fellows!

All (*Keeping time*): Let's—ban—beer! Let's—ban—

(*Curtain*)

QUESTIONS

1. (a) Who keep saying that beer is a food? Why do they say it?
Value 4 marks.

(b) Compare the food value of milk and beer, of beef and beer.
Value 6 marks.

2. In what sense is alcohol a poison?
Value 10 marks.

THE PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 6.)

Jesus. He wants to work through us.

Good tidings to the poor.—The keynote of our Lord's preaching especially in St. Luke.

Release . . . liberty.—Primarily referred to the release of the Jews from foreign oppression. Jesus gives it a fuller meaning.

He comes to break oppression
And set the captive free.

To release from sin (St. John 8:32, 34, 36) and from all other oppressions and captivities.

Sight.—Jesus cured many blind people. His followers through medical and surgical skill have restored physical sight in countless cases. He opens our eyes to the beauty and grandeur of the world and of history. More wonderful still He opens the blind eyes of the soul.

Acceptable.—"The welcome year." To Isaiah it was the return from exile. With the Lord Jesus it was the new age opening with His earthly ministry. The age in which we are living if we have faith to see it.

He 'rolled up' the book.—He did not go on to the next clause "—and the day of vengeance of our God." "The acceptable year of the Lord" was yet before them if they would but choose it.

The eyes of all.—They had been impressed by His reading of the familiar words. Perhaps also out of curiosity.

Gracious words.—It was the kindliness of His teaching that attracted His hearers.

"They cast Him forth"

BUT then there was a reaction. Was the son of Joseph, the village carpenter, presuming to teach them? And they were jealous that He had performed works of healing in Capernaum before doing so in Nazareth. Matthew (13:58) and Mark (6:5, 6) tell us that He could not do many mighty works there "because of their unbelief." We often blame God for things when the fault is in ourslves.

Perhaps also in His "gracious words" He had spoken sympathetically of the poor and wretched outside the fold of Israel. Whereas His hearers would have preferred Him to declare God's "day of vengeance" against their national enemies.

They were angry at Jesus for comparing Himself with Elijah and Elisha. They were angry at Him for reminding them that both these prophets of Israel had found faith in Gentiles and had therefore been able to help and heal them.

All had fastened their eyes on Him (v. 20); all had wondered at His gracious words (22); now all turned against Him (28).

They assailed Him and dragged Him out of the village toward "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built."

"The traditional precipice is some distance to the south-east of the town. There were smaller precipices nearer. Nazareth is built in a hollow of the hills among rocks and ravines." (Adeney.)

Perhaps they intended to "cast him down" as a preliminary to stoning Him. According to Jewish law a local synagogue like that of Nazareth could not condemn to death, but an angry mob never cares for law.

Passing through the midst.—He calmly walked through the crowd. This does not imply a miracle. Jesus never invoked His miraculous powers for His own help or safety.

"It is enough to conclude that the mysterious majesty of Christ overawed the fickle mob. . . . Compare John's account of the officers who dared not arrest Jesus and of the soldiers who fell back when Jesus declared himself. (St. John 7:45, 46; 18:6)." (Adeney)

A good man who is perfectly fearless will often overawe a cruel and cowardly mob. How much more the Perfect Man!

In a special sense our Lord in this visit to Nazareth "came unto His own and His own received Him not." Think how it must have pained His heart when these old friends of His boyhood turned against Him.

He came down to Capernaum, selecting this little city by the Lake as the centre of His work.

"To make a better world"

HENRY DRUMMOND finds the Program of Christianity embodied in the verses which our Lord read in the synagogue of Nazareth.

"God works always with agents . . . He had a vast intractable mass of matter to deal with, and He required a multitude of tools. Christ's tools were men. Hence . . . He founded a Society . . . to carry out His plans. . . . The name by which this Society was known was *The Kingdom of God*. . . . The power to set the heart right, to renew the springs of action comes from Christ. . . ."

QUESTIONS

1. Where did our Lord go on the Sabbath day in Nazareth?
2. What book did He read from?
3. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me—. Complete the quotation.
4. What did the people wonder at?
5. Why did they become angry at our Lord?
6. How did He escape when they tried to kill Him?
7. The Son of Man—. Complete the verse.

"Crises and wars are inevitable until we change our whole thought and quality of living."

THE GHOST CURE

(Continued from Page 4.)

usual punishments. Nobody could understand how the masters found out until one day Gundy was seen to go to the Principal's office and a little later Ryder, who had been out without permission had to give up his half-holiday as punishment. Then the suspicion turned on Parkinson as other boys received similar punishments.

The two tale-carriers didn't escape, however, as many a boy angrily revenged himself by soundly thrashing one or the other of the sneaks. Then the precious pair wrote to their parents, and told such a story that they complained to the Principal, and the result was that many a boy received additional punishment.

One day, when a cluster of fellows stood in the hallway, talking, Weaver came hurrying along and his face was grim.

"We were idiots to let Gundy and Parkinson share our stuff," he grumbled, "What do you think I've discovered? I went into the dormitory and what did I find but those two gluttons stuffing themselves with fruit and candy! By the bed they had a hamper, because I saw it, even though Parkinson tried to hide it in time!"

"Let's go and make them share out!" yelled someone.

"No, that would only mean more trouble. We'll wait and find a better way to pay them out," argued Carter. There was some grumbling, but Carter's advice, as usual, was accepted.

Later they were discussing this, and watching the caretaker at work, when Butler charged in, breathless. He was plainly excited.

"Look here, you fellows, what do you think I've got?"

"Now what have you unearthed this time, Butler?" asked Carter, genially.

"A book on names; you know, their meanings and origins. It's really interesting. Most of the surnames are in it. Who'd like to hear about them?"

"Go on, tell us all about them," urged one boy.

So Butler began, "For instance, take such names as Smith, Cooper, and Thatcher; those names originated with trades and professions. And then such names as Hill, Field, and Dale, taken from places where people lived. Some folks resembled animals or birds in appearance or manner, so they were named Hawk, Wolf, Fox. That's how we got our names."

* * *

"I SUPPOSE in time to come our descendants will be named John Landing-field or James Hardware," thoughtfully observed Ryder.

"Oh, that's just nonsense! What this book says is really true!" declared Butler.

"Well, never mind them, Butler," shouted one of his listeners. "Tell me about my name." And soon they were listening intently as the learned Butler explained the meanings of their names.

All this time Parkinson had been standing on the fringe of the gathering listening as interestedly as the next. Suddenly he asked, "What's the meaning of my name, Butler?"

Butler had no time to reply before Carter cut in, "Parkinson, derived from 'Piginson'!"

There was a startled silence, then a roar of laughter at this, and Gundy said in a surly tone of voice, "What a rotten joke, Carter!"

"Rotten joke!" retorted Carter, "Well, I like your sauce!"

"Yes," interjected Robertson, pointedly, "Applesauce, too!"

And followed by shouts and catcalls the two sneaks retired hastily.

* * *

NEXT morning, as the boys were filing into the classroom there was a shout of laughter that brought the others on the run. They crowded around to find the cause of the excitement.

On the blackboard was a wonderful drawing of a pig's head. In the jaws was an apple, while underneath was depicted a great bowl of applesauce. No one needed to ask who it was intended for.

They were still admiring the sketch when that pair Gundy and Company came in. Gundy blushed furiously when he saw it, but Parkinson cried bitterly, "There's only one who would have done this and that's Butler. I'll even it up with him for this. Just wait!"

A laughing voice interrupted the hubbub. "Go easy, Parky; Butler didn't do it; I did." It was Carter who spoke, and Gundy turned on him, snarling, "Just the same, if he didn't do it he must have suggested it!"

"Butler wouldn't have done it, even if he could, and you know it," chimed in Ryder.

* * *

WITHOUT bothering to answer, the two set to work to erase the drawing and they were still at work when their teacher caught them and gave them lines for being late for class. They put this down against Butler, too.

All the fellows, having enjoyed the joke, considered, after that, that they had been punished enough and were ready to make friends again, and to forget the offenders' former meanness. But Gundy and Parkinson weren't made like that. They still bore a grudge against Butler and plotted revenge. Their chance soon came.

It was one day, late in the term, when the ever-industrious Butler came rushing along. He started with his familiar expression, "Look here, you fellows, what do you think I've found?"

"Hullo, Butler," Ryder greeted him cheerfully. "Now what have you come across? Another mystery stone?"

Butler reddened at the mention of that affair. "No, Ryder, I've been talking to the caretaker."

"That outrageous old yarner!" exclaimed Carter. "Better be careful; he's bad company."

"No, not this time, Carter," asserted Butler. "You've seen all that measuring he's been doing lately, haven't you? Do you know what they are going to put there?"

"Couldn't imagine!" chorused his audience.

"The Principal has bought a rare old chest and it's to stand outside his door, near the end of the hallway. It's a beautiful piece of work, with secret drawers that work by hidden springs and a lot of ancient documents in it. The Principal has been showing it to me."

"And I suppose you had the time of your life."

Butler lowered his voice impressively. "That's not all there is to it. This will interest *you*. There's a ghost attached to it!"

A roar of laughter swept the little circle of listeners. "A ghost!" and Dailey jeered, "Fine old antique chest, in good condition, with ghost, detachable if owner desires!"

Butler said, "You can laugh as much as you like, but it's true. The caretaker, who told me about it, knows the man it was bought from, and he wouldn't keep it in his shop, because the workmen refused to stay. And more than that. The dealer bought it from a man who kept it *only four days!*"

"Good night!" exclaimed Carter, "Is that true? Why didn't *he* keep it?"

"P'r'aps he had to pawn it," suggested Gundy.

* * *

BUTLER continued in a subdued tone, "Before that it belonged to an old family for years, and they knew about the ghost."

"What's this ghost like? Where does it live, in the chest?" asked Carter, doubtfully.

"The Ghost, it is said, appears only on the last night of each month, and sometimes not even then," Butler rattled on to his respectful audience. "It is the ghost of a young man, dressed in blue clothes,very old fashioned,—Georgian I think he said — and he goes to the chest, and tries to open it, and

(Please turn to Page 12.)

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS—

It was thrilling to hear Princess Elizabeth speak over the radio on Oct. 14th. (You may read her address on Page 2.) She and Princess Margaret Rose, like their Royal father and mother, are setting an example of fearless faith in these war days. Not only the children of the Empire but all of us listened with intense gratitude for their courage; and renewed determination to do our part.

Important events come quickly these days. I must speak to you for a minute about the recent death of Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Sir Wilfred was a knight as brave, as generous, as noble as any of the knights of old. He wore no shining armor but his own courage, and carried no sword but his own smiling, undiscourageable faith in Christ, his Master and Leader. He had no selfish motives; his joy was to serve and to save others. He did not work for fame. He worked for a brighter, happier world. And thus he might have said, with Sir Galahad, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." Be sure to read "A Chat Over the 'Phone" on Page 3. It is a message from Sir Wilfred to the younger readers of the *Northern Messenger*. Also read on Page 16 the story of "the ambulance boat" of Labrador originally donated by *Messenger* readers to Sir Wilfred and now partially supported by their contributions. It would be grand if our readers could shoulder more of the work that has been so nobly started and give enough to support this boat entirely.

* * *

We congratulate those who have won prizes in Part I of our Contest, just completed. We hope they will swing along with us into Part II, the subject for which will be announced next week.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth,—Last week in the Messenger I saw a letter from Barbara Nickerson of Nova Scotia. She says she would like me for a pen pal and is my twin. I am writing to her and I hope she will recieve it through the Messenger safely.Your new chum,—Dorothy Hannaford.

Dear Barbara,—I was glad to see that you appear to be my twin and have auburn hair too. I don't like people calling it "red". Do you? I'm glad you want to be my pen pal.

When is your birthday? I think I put mine in my letter before but in case I didn't it is August 13th

What are your hobbies (if you have any)? Mine are collecting stamps and post cards and roller skating. I am in grade seven at school. Do you live in the city or country? I live in the city of Hamilton. I have to go about five blocks to school. Well good-bye for now. Your chum,—Dorothy Hannaford.

P. S.—What grade are you in?

WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR?

WHY is Canada at war? Because she is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. England, the mother country is in great need of Canada's help and all the help she can produce.

A little village in Saskatchewan of about four hundred people has sent six men and many more have enlisted. I am sure men and boys from towns and villages all over Canada have enlisted with the hope in their heart that they can go over to Britain and show Hitler something.

Britain stands for the freedom and the justice of all people, and if the opposing side won they would make us slaves.

Stand up for England and make her victorious. It means be loyal and trustworthy subjects of your King and country.

"There'll Always be an England." Everybody knows or has heard of it. There shall always be an England and God save our King!—Eleanor Turner, Sask.

Fire, water, money, and appetite are good servants, but poor masters.—Sel.

Prize Winners

In PART 1 of the CHUMS' FALL CONTEST

MARGARET COLLINS
—Awarded Blue Pin

GERALDINE CLARKE
—Northern Messenger Pencil

OLIVE VENESS
—Maple Leaf Badge

EILEEN LANE
—Maple Leaf Badge

ELEANOR TURNER
—Maple Leaf Badge

Hon. Mention—Doreen Johnson

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This Week's Star Correspondent

GERALDINE CLARKE

Honorable Mention

ELEANOR TURNER

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This Month's Prize Winner

EDNA McINTOSH

Honorable Mention

MARGARET WELDIN

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR

THERE are many things one might say in an answer to that question However I shall try to put down on paper what I think, though like many others I sometimes find it hard.

I believe my country is at war because the people feel that only by defeating the Nazis and destroying their ideals, can the world, and all that we hold so dear in our Christian life be made secure. For if Hitler were to dominate the world all the beautiful things of life would be banished before our eyes.

What are we fighting for? you ask, We are fighting for the freedom which God gave to man, the right to worship Him as we please, the right to speak and act as a free nation. This is a war to decide whether God or Hitler will lead us.

But we must not sit back and say, "England will win, she always does,for that is just and that is God's will," No, we must put our shoulder to the wheel and not think anything too great to sacrifice, nor tire of the struggle and then we will conquer.

Rt. Rev. Geoffrey Fisher, Bishop of London, said: "We are fighting for life, the world's life as well as our own, and God is the Lord and Giver of Life."

Our soldiers, sailors and aviators can give us a victory, but it will then be our responsibility to help in reconstructing the world. Ever since the time of religion many brave men and women have given their lives for religious liberty. Are we going to let their names perish? And ours too? Or preserve liberty for generations to come?

Chums let us resolve to fight until evil is defeated and goodwill prevails.

We will work for peace as long as we have love in our hearts, admiration for beauty, honour for that which is just, and respect and love for others.

We the people of the British Empire are fighting for freedom, the love of Christ, and the brotherhood of men.—Geraldine Clarke Que.

(More of these letters Next Week.)

"Sir Alcohol" and Sport

By Mary I. Ritchie

STUDY IV JUNIOR

National Temperance Study Course for Sunday Schools, 1940

"DO you like driving—I mean going for a drive yourself, Sir Al?" asked Joyce politely, feeling rather sorry for the little man who had told them of the trouble he could cause to drivers of automobiles when they used him wrongly. "One can see so much from a car window, Mother says, that we ought to know more about our own country than we do."

"We certainly should know more about our own country," returned Sir Alcohol just as politely. "We should know more about its resources and its famous sons—and daughters, too," smiling at Joyce in a knowing little way. "And we—but I haven't answered your first question. It really shouldn't need an answer, for everybody likes a motor trip in pleasant company and through pleasant parts of the country."

"Who was the most interesting person you ever rode with, Al?" asked Jerry. "Some famous statesman, I suppose."

"M-mmm, well, I can't exactly say. I've ridden with a great many. Usually they do not remember that I am hidden away in the glass of the windshield, or the varnish on the wood or the finish of the metal work or in the lubricating oil, but there I am all the time, and I learn many interesting and useful things from their conversation."

"Something like the invisible man in a fairy story," laughed Joyce. "I'd love to be invisible sometimes. It would be fun to hear what people were saying about me."

* * *

"NOT so funny sometimes." Something like a blush actually tinged Sir Alcohol's little cheek. I've heard some things that didn't make me at all proud or happy. And I've watched results of my work—of my improper use, I might say—that made me hang my head in shame. In fact, I've sometimes thought that very few people knew that I had any good uses at all."

"We know you have, don't we, Jerry?" Joyce tried to be comforting.

"If statesmen weren't the finest people you rode with, who were they?" asked Jerry. "Great scientists, maybe, or inventors or something?"

"No. Great scientists and famous inventors seem to have little time for riding about the country in automobiles, I find. And I know a great deal about them and their ways, for most of them have to beg me to give a hand in their experiments and their inventions and tests."

"Then whom *do* you like best to ride with?" insisted Joyce.

"Well, somehow I seem to like young people best." He smiled at the two little people curled up beside him in the back seat: feeling lonely in the front seat, he had climbed over and snuggled down beside them under the blue car rug. And Joyce, forgetting that she had said that she would never even touch alcohol, had moved over to make room for him.

"Young as us?" asked Jerry eagerly, if not grammatically.

"Well, now, those I think of at the moment were a little older. There was Billy Bingham the——"

"The rugby player," interrupted Jerry. "I have his picture hanging in my room. Do you really know him?"

"Sure! Sure!" said the little man, trying not to look too important at having such an important friend. "Last time he rode in one of my—of our—cars I could scarcely attend to my business of keeping things shiny and oiled and heated and cooled for watching and listening to him."

"Did he know you were there?"

"Can't say that he did. Of course he's a clever chap and knows, when he has time to think about it, that I *am* to be found in all these places, but there's one place I've never been able to make my way, that is, between his lips. Strange to say, I'm rather glad about that."

* * *

"SO am I," declared Jerry. "You ruined Tom Burns as a player—at least someone of your family did—and everybody would hate to see Billy B. go the same way."

"He won't. He's too anxious to be one of the world's best athletes himself, and I find that the best way to keep him at the top is for me to stay as far away from him as possible. I do help shine his shoes and keep the keys of his typewriter clean—for he does use a typewriter at times—and I even help rub the pain out of him when he gets hurt on the field, for a good bit of me goes into the making of iodine and arnica and the liniments that all athletes use.

"Oh, yes, I help him outwardly a good bit, but I'm glad to say I haven't harmed him inwardly yet."

"How did you harm Tom Whatever-his-name-is?" asked Joyce.

"He harmed himself, I tell you." The little man was indignant. "What good did it do him to be the strongest man in the line and the swiftest runner on the field if he wasn't strong enough to say 'no' when he was asked to drink and couldn't run away when friends—he thought they were friends—tried to coax him into places where beer and wine and whisky were sold?"

"Do you think I liked to hear everyone blaming *me* because the first few drinks that he took poisoned his nerves and slowed up his muscles so that the messages that his brain wanted to send through them to his hands and feet did not get there soon enough to be of much use in helping him to judge the right play to make and the proper distance to run?"

"And do you think it made me very happy," he went on, "to know that I was being blamed because he lost his temper once too often and hurt one of the players badly?

"I didn't *want* to confuse his brain so that he didn't know what he was saying or doing. And I did not want to weaken his heart muscles so that he will never be able to play again."

"Why, how could you hurt his heart when it's away inside his body?" Joyce was curious.

* * *

"JUST because it is inside his body and the most important part of it. The heart, which is hollow and divided into two halves, which in turn divide into upper and lower rooms, as we might call them, is made of particularly strong muscle. This, like the other muscles becomes poisoned and deadened by alcohol and is unable to do its duty as the pump for the body, pumping blood through the blood vessels.

"When this happens again and again, the heart is weakened for good and can't be depended on by the athlete to help him run long distances and do the things for which strength is needed. Do you think all this makes me happy?"

"I should think not," declared Jerry.

"I should think not, too," the little man went on. "And while we are speaking of such things—and I don't *like* to speak about my failures like this—I may tell you that it wasn't my fault entirely that Ranaldson, the famous yachtsman, was drowned last year. I knew as well as anyone that he shouldn't have taken two drinks before he took his boat out that day.

Racing boats are tricky things and one has to be sure not to put on too much sail or turn the rudder even a little too much. It takes a clear head to race a yacht. Even when he upset

(Please turn to Page 12.)

THE GHOST CURE

(Continued from Page 9.)

cries in despair, and then disappears."

"That's not much for a ghost to do," objected Ryder skeptically. "He might at least flourish a dagger or something like that."

"What I don't understand," observed Robertson, "Is, that the Principal should buy such a thing as that and put it in a school, of all places."

* * *

"THE Principal doesn't know anything about the ghost. The caretaker told only me."

"I wish it would walk on the last day of this month. Let's see, that will be two weeks from today," said Dailey, with sparkling eyes, "Look here, Butler, do you honestly believe it *will* work?"

"Yes, I do," replied he.

"Then I dare you to go and see it at midnight, Butler!" challenged Gundy.

"No, ghosts and such things are all rubbish! You're not going, Butler?" declared Carter.

"I certainly am going to see it," asserted Butler stoutly, "Without waiting for anyone to dare me. Just think, if I saw it I could put it in my school history!"

"I'll go, if someone else will!" shouted a bystander. "And I'll go with you," added another.

"The Principal's away then, and nobody will be in his office, so it'll be safe enough," said Dailey.

"I'm afraid that's too many," interrupted Butler. "Only one person at a time may see it, so perhaps you'll let me go alone, unless"—he added with a sly smile—"any one fellow is really anxious to go, and in that case I'll wait till next month."

Deprive Butler of such an honor? They wouldn't think of such a thing! There seemed to be an unmistakable suspicion of relief in their generosity.

* * *

THAT same afternoon Gundy and and Parkinson accosted Ryder, and asked to be allowed to see the costumes for the traditional school play. Ryder, it so happened, was the secretary and was responsible for all the properties. They were kept in a large locker, and Ryder had the key.

"Why do you want to see them now? They only arrived the other day, and anyway there's no rehearsal for a week yet."

"But you've shown them to other fellows, why not us?" protested Parkinson.

"Well, I did, that's true. Come on," and Ryder unlocked the door and handed out some soldier costumes. They were admiring them, and examining the other things when Weaver came rushing into the room and said,

(Please turn to Page 13.)

The Boy Who Wasn't Drowned

A STORY is told by a ship's Surgeon. On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and the crew hastened out to save him. They brought him on board the ship, took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, and worked his hands and his feet.

When they had done all that they knew how to do, I came up to be of assistance, and they said he was dead and beyond help. I said to them: "I think you have done all you could."

But just then a sudden impulse told me I ought to see what I could do. I went over and looked down into the boy's face, and discovered that it was my own boy!

Well, you may believe I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat and bent over that boy. I blew into his nostrils and breathed into his mouth; I turned him over and over, and simply begged God to bring him back to life, and for four hours I worked until just at sunset, I began to see the flutter of breath that told me he lived.

I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if he were my own boy. —Selected.

"SIR ALCOHOL" AND SPORT

(Continued from Page 11.)

he might have saved himself, for he was a good swimmer, but he forgot, when he took those drinks, that muscles are like elastic, ready to stretch and come back quite easily when the brain orders them to do so.

"One of the things I do when I get into a chap's nerves and muscles, it seems, is to take the stretch out of them. They get to be like an old rubber band that just *won't* stretch and come back, so are no use in helping one to swim or to reach out and grasp something when in danger of drowning." And Joyce was sure that a tear crept down Sir Alcohol's sad little face and dropped on the blue, woolly rug.

"I am glad you were brave enough to tell us," she whispered, patting his hand. "It will help Jerry and me to remember that we are outside friends, not inside friends, of yours. And we'll try not to blame *you* too much when people who ought to know better can't be strong enough to say 'no' or swift enough to run away from you."

(To Be Continued.)

QUESTIONS

1. How can alcohol be used as a help to athletes, particularly when they are injured or over-tired? Value 10 marks.

2. Why do athletes avoid drinking alcohol? Value 10 marks.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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Sst! Keep Your Wits Working!

GAMES AND STUNTS FOR HALLOWE'EN

SENSE-TESTING GAMES

TASTE—WHAT IS IT?—Each player in turn tastes a series of well-known flavors (peppermint, licorice, cheese, onion, etc.) while blindfold. Player or team with best result wins.

TOUCH—WHAT IS IT?—Each player handles a series of paper bags with various objects inside, e.g., rice, lump sugar, tea, etc. Also other objects such as an inkpot, fountain pen, bicycle pump, etc. He is blindfold and may only touch each object for a few seconds.

WHAT PROFILE?—A number of well-known shapes are cut out of cardboard. Each player in turn tries to say what they are by feeling blindfold.

HEARING—LISTENING GAME—One player is blindfold near one end of room. The rest, one at a time, try to come from the other end as quietly as they can. When all have passed, the listener states how many he thinks have passed on either side of him. The number should be varied each time, and be unknown to the listener.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. What is the hardest key to turn?
2. Two hands and a face, no bed but a tick.
3. Who is it that shaves more than 20 times a day?
4. What is it that eats and eats and never gets full?
5. What is it a little pig is doing when he is eating?
6. What is it that walks like a cat, eats like a cat, looks like a cat, but still it isn't?
7. What is the difference between a blind man and a disabled sailor?
8. What is the difference between a chicken who can't hold its head up and seven days?
9. If I walk into a room full of people and place a new penny upon the table in full view of the company, what does the coin do?

ENIGMA

Pray tell me, reader, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man
Who, though he has married many a wife,
May yet live single all his life?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

1. Bread. 2. A title. 3. A Greek God. 4. A solemn promise. 5. Border. 6. It twinkles.

Initial letters and final letters read downwards spell certain objects we see in our woods and gardens.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Changed Word—Bone, tone, neat, meat.

Mental Arithmetic—0.

Double Acrostic—

P o P
O h i O
R o a R
T r o T
E w E
R i v e R

Riddles—

1. Because for every grain they give a peck.
2. Because it has at least ten drills (tendrils) and shoots.
3. Because she deals in ice-creams (high screams).
4. A lamp lighter.
5. One has feelings, and one has felt.
6. A powder magazine.
7. When it is re-covered.
8. Because it has no point.
9. Because it is felt.
10. When it is ground.
11. Wales.

Gasps and Giggles

Jones: Have you heard the tale of the absent-minded professor who went to step in his car and fell over because it wasn't there?

Robinson: No; but did you hear of the man who struck a match to see if he had switched off the electric light?

A small boy who had just been rescued from a lake was the centre of a sympathetic crowd.

"But how did you come to fall in?" asked a dear old lady.

"I d-didn't," sobbed the boy, "I c-came to fish."

The new maid said she could cook and so she was told to prepare a meal.

That evening, as the lady of the house was serving a mysterious-looking dish, she explained that Jane had taken the recipe out of the cookery book.

"She did the right thing," said her husband a few moments later: "it should never have been there."

The professor's wife was speaking. "I must say, James," she said, "that you do not look so well dressed as you used to."

"That's strange," said the Professor thoughtfully, "for they are the same clothes."

THE GHOST CURE

(Continued from Page 12.)

"Oh, here you are, Ryder. I've been looking for you. The teacher wants you at once!"

Ryder straightened up. "I'm coming. Confound it all, what a mess you two have made! Tidy up everything and bring me the key when you get through."

They returned the key a little while later, and next day Ryder went to the locker to try on his own costume. It was a handsome old-fashioned costume of blue silk. Truth to tell, Ryder rather admired it.

He searched everywhere, ransacked the locker, but no blue silk costume was to be found. "It was here, I know, because I saw it when I was showing the things to Gundy and Parkinson," he muttered in bewilderment. Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind. Down to the dormitory he went swiftly, where the two inseparables slept and looked into their lockers. They were all in order. Under the bed, under the mattress, behind the clothes hanging on the wall, any likely hiding place he explored without result. He had about regretted his suspicions when a piece of blue silk hanging from Gundy's travelling kit caught his attention. A pull and out came the missing costume.

Ryder's first thought was to angrily confront the thief and demand an explanation. Then he smiled slightly and putting it back, sought Carter.

"Look here, what do you think those two sneaks are up to now?" he began.

"What sneaks?"

* * *

"GUNDY and Parkinson, of course. Could it be anyone else? They're going to make sure that Butler sees his ghost. They've taken my blue costume and no doubt one of them means to dress up as the ghost, and poor old Butler, being so shortsighted, and imaginative, will be fooled completely. They'll make him look like a fish."

"So that's their little game, is it?" he murmured. "You know they've got a grudge against him because of that sketch I drew. They still believe he had a hand in it."

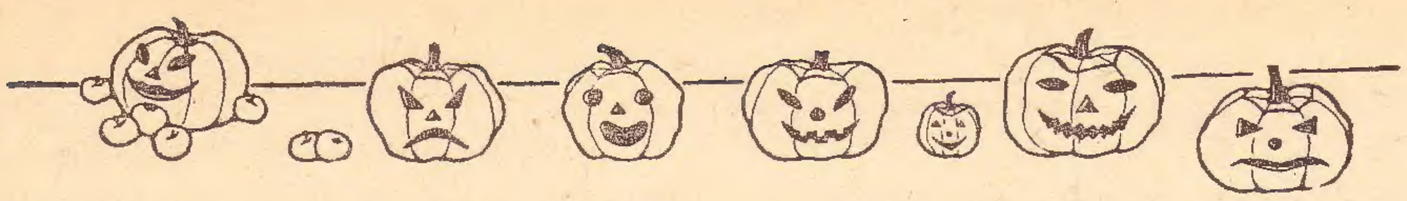
"Well, what can we do about it?"

Carter was silent for a long time, and then said, "I wouldn't stop it; they'll botch it, sure enough, and make a joke of themselves and it'll be Butler who will have the last laugh."

"I'm not so sure about that," replied Ryder slowly, "You know how simple and trusting Butler is, and he'll be easily fooled."

"What if he does see a ghost, it won't hurt him! He'll feel a good deal worse if you tell him of the joke they're going to play on him! Anyway, I'd like to see how they do it, just for fun!"

(To Be Concluded.)



For Ye Hallowe'en Party

APRICOT-ALMOND CAKE

Wash 1 1-2 cups dried apricots, cover with water and cook 5 minutes. Drain, cool and chop. Combine with 1-2 cup blanched almonds, chopped. Cream 2 tablespoons shortening with 3-4 cup granulated sugar until fluffy. Add 1 egg and beat until light. Mix and sift 2 1-2 cups bread flour, 2 1-2 teaspoons baking powder and 1-2 teaspoon salt. Add the apricots and nuts and add alternately to the first mixture with 1 cup milk. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes to 1 hour.

GOLDEN CAKE

Make this cake the next time you bake an angel food cake and have a good supply of yolks left over. You will need one cup of egg yolks. Beat them until very light and lemon-colored. To the beaten egg yolks, add two cups of sifted sugar gradually, then a cup of hot water, beating all together well. Sift three cups of pastry flour, three teaspoons baking powder and a teaspoon of salt and add to the first mixture. Flavor with two tablespoons of lemon juice and a grating of the rind. Bake in three well-greased layer cake pans in a moderate oven about half an hour. Remove from the pans at once. Cool on a cake rack. This is delicious when spread with a lemon jelly or lemon custard filling and covered with a lemon cream frosting.

GELATIN FROSTINGS

The ready-flavored fruit gelatins make delicious, never-fail frostings. Combine one tablespoon orange gelatin with two and one-half tablespoons orange juice. Dissolve over boiling water. Add one tablespoon melted butter, a pinch of salt, two cups confectioners' suger, the grated rind of one-half orange and one egg yolk. Stir vigorously until soft and of the right consistency to pour. Drop small cake squares into the frosting, turning until all sides are covered. Remove with a fork and place on a rack to cool. Garnish with bits of candied fruit and nuts.

JUMBLES

Six ounces of castor sugar; one pound of flour; one ounce of ground ginger; six ounces of butter; three-quarters of a pound of treacle.

Mix the sugar, flour, and ginger. Boil the butter with the treacle, then pour this mixture into the dry ingredients.

When the paste is cool enough, knead it very smoothly and roll out thinly on the tin on which it is to be baked. Take a knife and with the back of it make the mixture into squares. Place in a slow oven until crisp. These should not be allowed to color much, and while still warm, divide into the marked out portions.

Sleep On It

LAURA GRAY

I'D heard that my friend, Alice Watson, was "wonderful" in dealing with children, but I'd never had a chance to see her with them until she came to stay with us. I had just taken on the job of stepmother to three young children and was feeling like an inexperienced workman in a powerhouse. But I had a passionate desire to make a success of the venture.

"Getting the youngsters to bed is one of my hardest tasks," I said to her. "They seem to be particularly conscious of all their troubles at that hour."

"Let me see them to bed," ventured our visitor, who had played mother to her own brothers and sisters for years.

"Gladly," I agreed, "but just for once."

She smiled understandingly. I took a book into the living room, but could not concentrate, for how could I help listening?

There were the usual objections: "I don't want to go to bed!" "It isn't eight o'clock yet!" "Just let me finish this!"

I heard Alice's quiet voice in answer, but not the words.

Then Bobby's strident voice was lifted above the noise of the running bath water, "I'm not going to that school again. The teacher's mean. She kept me in—when it was Bert who threw the ink-ball!"

My temper was ruffled. Surely that matter should be looked into, and our boy have justice! Or, if he were telling a lie, he should be punished. I listened, breathless, for Alice's answer. But she began to sing. At the end of the gay little ballad, the child's voice piped up, "I don't have to go to that school, do I?"

"We'll see in the morning, Bobby," came the pleasant voice, and another song mingled with splashing, giggles and chuckles.

Then seven-year-old Mary was heard from. "I don't want to take music lessons any more, 'cause Fred Smith pushed me down and hurt my knee," she complained. "Look!"

Just as I thought. That Smith boy was far too big and rough to be with little children. I'd better explain to Alice. I rose to interfere, but stopped at the door.

Alice's soothing voice was saying, "Let's not think about that now. This lovely cool ointment will make the knee better."

I went back and sat down, but was not satisfied. Such slipshod ways of dealing with problems were not right.

By and by my friend came into the room. "The children want to say good night to you," she said, smiling.

As I arose to go, I determined to answer their questions, or at least to inquire into them—show my interest. But when I felt the happy, peaceful atmosphere of the children's room, I, too, decided to wait until morning.

Back in the living room, I said, "Don't you think that such worries as Bobby's and Mary's should have some attention?"

"Yes," she answered, "but problems have a way of getting solved during sleep. In the morning a better solution often presents itself than could be reached the night before."

"The way students arrive at answers to difficult questions in mathematics, I suppose," I said half-teasingly.

"Just so," my friend agreed. "I learned long ago that it is best to 'sleep on it' before making important decisions about anything."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

A PRAYER

Dear Master in Whose life I see
All that I would, but fail to be,
Let Thy clear light forever shine
To shame and guide this life of mine.
Though what I dream and what I do
In my weak days are always two.
Help me, oppressed by things undone,
O Thou, whose deeds and dreams were one!

—John Hunter.

The Society of Books

THERE is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation,—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest to their hearts. And this society, so numerous and so gentle, are kept waiting round us all day long, kings and statesmen, lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves. . . .

(Will you be satisfied with less good company—with poor, trashy books) while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty, of every place and time?—John Ruskin.

Northern Messenger

Montreal, October 25, 1940.

"MR. VALIANT" PASSES OVER

"AND so he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." Bunyan's story of Mr. Valiant's passing fits that of Sir Wilfred Grenfell who "passed over" on October 9.

Grenfell was a great man. As a seafaring missionary, physician and surgeon, as a leader of men, and as an administrator of fisherfolk's economic and social interests. He was great in his genuine sincerity, purity of life and purpose, and in his utter selflessness. He lived for others, for those who needed him most. He was greatly venturous and brave, whether facing a stormy sea or the liquor traffic. He was a confirmed teetotaller. He was great too in his simplicity, in his optimism, in his confidence in God and in His coming Kingdom. His only boast was that he had a great Saviour and a great Guide.

A lifetime of hard work and of deep sympathy with the poor and suffering never quenched Grenfell's humor. His sense of fun was keen.

The greatest men and women do not know that they are great. This was eminently so with Sir Wilfred. Life was so short and there was so much to be done that one hadn't time to think about oneself.

"People talk about sacrifice," he would say. "There is no sacrifice. I enjoy every moment of my work."

There had been missionaries on the Labrador coast before Grenfell. Their work was noble and self-sacrificing. But it was limited in its scope. Grenfell found his orders were those of the Apostles "to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick."

He says, "Is not the real problem of Christianity how best to commend it to the world? Can it most be advocated by word or by deed? Can we afford to divorce the 'secular' from the 'religious' any more than the 'religious' from the 'secular'? It seems to me there is only one way to reach the soul—that is through the body. For when the soul has cast off the body we cannot reach it at all."

As with the old time Witness, the Northern Messenger is grateful that it and its readers are privileged to have been associated with Dr. Grenfell in his work from its very beginning.

In 1906 the launch "Northern Messenger" entered on its mission. Witness and Messenger readers also supplied a komatik, dog sleigh, and have helped in their upkeep. In a recent letter which we received from Dr. Grenfell he said that he was sometimes alluded to as "the Northern Messenger."

One of the tests of a man's work,—or of a woman's work,—is their ability to raise up others who will carry it on. This has been so with Dr. Grenfell. He labored and many have entered into his labors and are carrying his work onward.

Here is a fine word of his, written some years ago:

"I've never been sorry a moment for the choice I made. There's a reward in it. I used to have a different idea of Christian reward—the kind of reward with a halo and a pair of wings. That didn't appeal to me. But I am getting a reward that is worth while, getting it every day—the reward of the satisfaction there is in doing things that help people, and the reward of knowing that this is something the Master approves. That is what He did when He was here—helped people, and if we want to follow Him, that is what we have to do too."

GOD'S WAY IN WAR AND PEACE

A DOCTOR often prescribes a tonic to enable the patient to throw off bad germs. Sometimes he applies a sort of "crosstag" method of relieving one hard-pressed runner, by the crossing of one that is fresh, to the tiring of the pursuer. At other times he will oppose the attacking disease by introduction of germs that will fight it and themselves perish in the battle.

So with our sick world, and with Britain in particular. The Great Doctor prescribed a tonic in the form of American goodwill and guns and ships and planes and other munitions of war. Besides that, at this time of writing, Oct. 15, He seems to be rapidly doing two things: preparing the United States to enter the struggle, crossing the Nazi-Fascist-Japanese thrust and causing the Communist dictatorship to counter those other dictatorships. For today Russia and Germany, in spite of non-agression pacts, are reportedly facing each other by large forces where Russianized Bessarabia and Germanized Roumania meet at the junction of the Rivers Danube and Pruth, near the N.W. corner of the Black Sea. Oil and the Dardanelles are the immediate objectives of each of these camouflaged friends. The letter 'r' in that word seems to be dropping out. The world is not big enough for two human dictators seeking world domination.

There are some who hoped earnestly for the co-operation of Russia with Britain. It always seemed to us as dangerous an alliance as that of the lady and the tiger. "Be ye not unevenly yoked together." Better far that Russia should pick her own quarrel with Germany and that at a time that would relieve the democracies and give them a chance to regain from Germany the democracies she has deceived, outraged and enslaved. God grant it may be so.

We have been forced to face the issues of war. But are we voluntarily preparing ourselves to face the issues of a truly just peace? Such a peace is beyond human engineering, but available under God's guidance if we be willing and obedient in the day of His power.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S RADIO ADDRESS

IN sending her sympathy to British children overseas, Princess Elizabeth spoke of knowing from experience "what it means to be away from those we love most of all", for she and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose have been much separated from their father and mother in common with thousands of other British children, and they know exactly how it feels. Remaining in Britain they have not experienced the greater separation or the adventures of sailing for Canada and other farther parts of the British Empire or the United States of America. But as Princess Elizabeth explained, they feel they know "quite a lot about these countries." Because the King and Queen, like any normal father and mother have enjoyed talking to their children about the places they have visited in their travels, giving them first-hand descriptions of the customs and people of other lands.

It is this interest in people, this love of their fellow men which have endeared the King and Queen to us so much. And now across thousands of miles, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose reach out in sympathy and loyal friendship to the children who have gone abroad and to those who have welcomed them in new homes.

It is just this spirit of sharing and

caring for individuals that brings the British Commonwealth of Nations into a united struggle against the savage Nazi machine. Hitler has made a war machine out of a nation of flesh and blood and his first step was to drug and brutalize the spirit of his people.

The British people are meeting Hitler's attack in calm sanity. And they are suffering the more perhaps because their senses are finer. But they are bearing everything together and their love for the things they hold sacred, and will defend with their lives, is growing brighter and stronger every day.

GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

(Continued from Page 3.)

stamped out this practice. Here were more enemies on his hands. People asked why he didn't content himself with healing the sick and "preaching the Gospel," but he saw that these evils were "works of the devil" and had to be fought. "So long as the battle with sin is fought with kid gloves on," he said, "there will never be any need of the 'fellowship of suffering'."

On the whole he found the Newfoundland and Labrador fishermen "an exceedingly sober set of men" but he found them ignorant of the most primary laws of health, so that disease,—especially T.B.,—was very prevalent. This was another evil that he had to fight.

Grenfell had scores of personal adventures. He sailed through storms, he drove his dog-sleigh through blizzards. Once he drifted for days on an ice-floe, watching his dogs lest they should turn and tear him to pieces.

Gradually he assembled a staff of coworkers who loved him and who love the work and now carry it on.

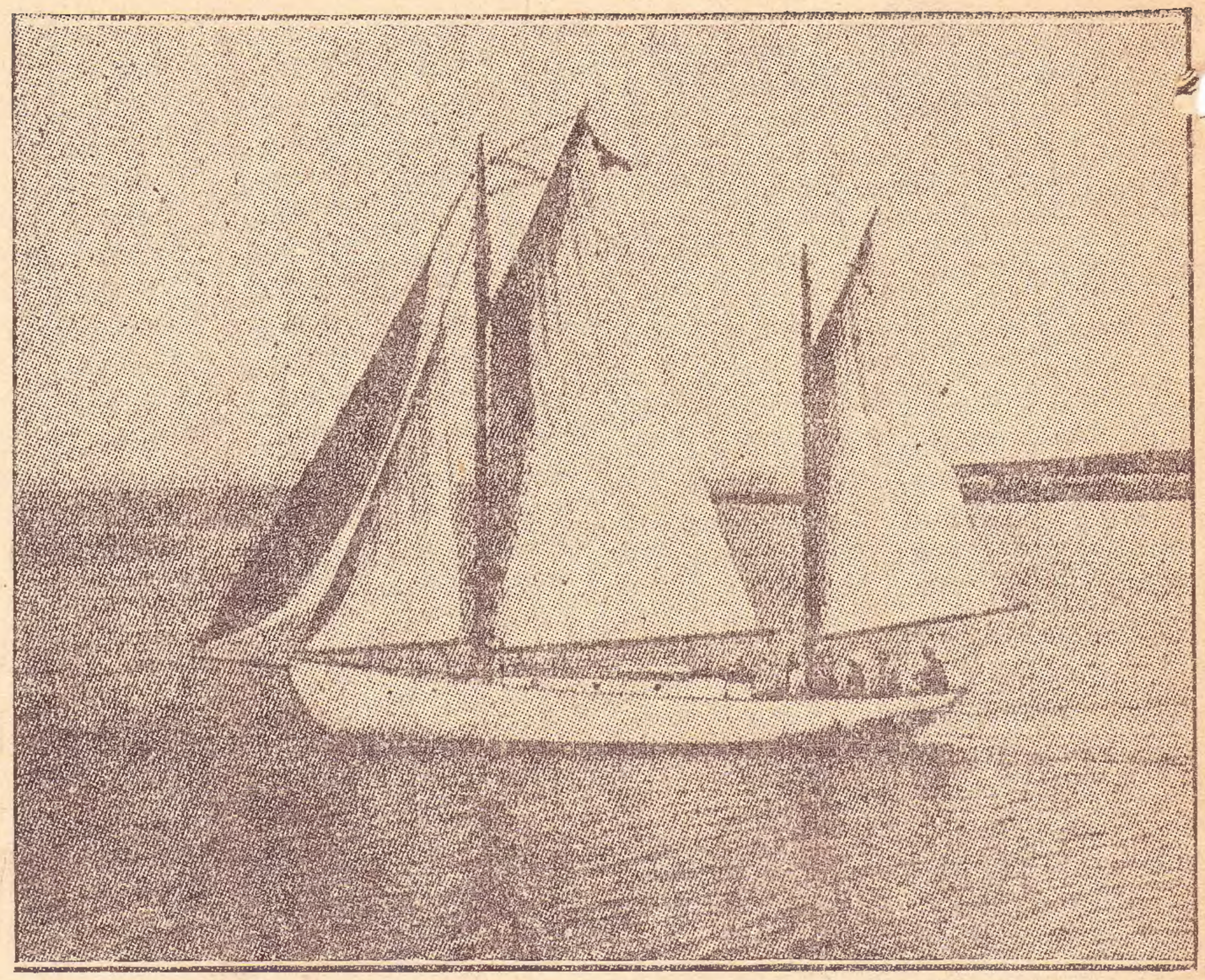
Hospitals, nursing stations, orphanages, schools, co-operative stores and many other beneficent enterprises now stud the once-desolate shores of Labradoor. Better still, the people have learned to help themselves.

Dr. Grenfell's home life was happy. In Lady Grenfell, who "passed on" not quite two years ago, he found "a right hand man" in all his enterprises.

Dr. Grenfell was knighted by King George V in 1927.

Personal loyalty to God was the mainspring of Grenfell's life and work, as doctor, master mariner, magistrate, adventurer, reformer, lecturer, "good companion."

"Methods have changed," he says. "But . . . one thing has not changed. The best thing you can give to the deep-sea fisherman . . . and every other kind of man, is the faith that Jesus Christ in his heart is the very best thing he can have."



THIS little seaworthy vessel carries the Grenfell missionary doctor or nurse out of Harrington Harbor, for many miles up and down the bleak and rocky Canadian Labrador coast, on their errands of Christ-like service to the sick and needy. And it serves as an ambulance, carrying those needing surgical operations or extended treatment back to the splendidly equipped and staffed hospital at Harrington. It carried Sir Wilfred on his latest missionary tour of the coasts bordering the Straits of Belle Isle. It was named the Northern Messenger after its two predecessors, which in turn were named after this paper because its subscribers gave it to Sir Wilfred and, in those early days, used to support it entirely.

Also in those early years they gave a komatik dog-sled and maintained two beds in the Harrington Hospital. And still the readers of the Northern Messenger send contributions through this paper to carry on that splendid work.

* * *

All such subscriptions (made payable to John Dougall & Son) are listed in these columns and sent, in full, to the Honorary Treasurer of the Mission.

And surely this is a time when the old friends will prove their continued loyalty by sending some contribution, however small or large. Sir Wilfred's spirit still lives in his associates and successors. And with a continued stream of volunteer gifts will carry on Sir Wilfred's noble adventure, in which by your gifts and your prayers you too can share.

* * *

To Northern Messenger Friends

SIR WILFRED'S message to readers of the *Northern Messenger* on his 73rd birthday, two years ago, "As I count the good things which have come to me through a long life, the loyal support you have given the work on the Labrador Coast, which we both hold so dear is an outstanding blessing."

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION
NORTHERN MESSENGER LAUNCH FUND

Contributions previously acknowledged and forwarded to Official Treasurer		$178.70
Further Contributions	$74.30	
Miss Isabella Taylor, Ont. ...	1.70	
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John Alex Hunter, Ont.	4.50	89.40
Total		$268.10

Lots of Salt

THE world's consumption of salt, it is estimated, amounts to 30 million tons a year. This amount of coarse salt would cover a square mile of land to a depth of 30 feet and yet could be obtained by evaporation from one-fifth of a cubic mile of sea water. It is an astounding fact that in Canada alone at Windsor, Ontario, there is enough salt to last the world, should all other sources fail, for close to 100,000 years.

"Existence is what you find; life is what you create."